

COWBOY NO. 33

ALL COMICS

WESTERN

COMICS

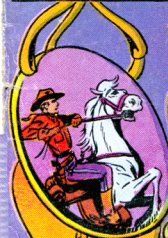
10¢
F.P.I.



BILL HICKOK
Prevents a Lynching.



ANNIE OAKLEY
Saves Buffalo Bill!



TEXAS RANGERS
And their Proud Story.





WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM

THE TEXAS RANGERS



① THIS GREAT LAW AND ORDER FORCE BEGAN ABOUT 1830 AS SETTLERS STREAMED IN FROM THE SOUTH AND POURED INTO TEXAS. SMALL BANDS OF MEN ORGANIZED THEMSELVES TO DEFEND THEIR WAGONS AND VILLAGES.

② THESE BUCKSKIN RIDERS CALLED THEMSELVES RANGERS. THEIR MAIN ENEMY AT THAT TIME WAS THE INDIAN, WHO KILLED THE SETTLERS, AND RAIDED HIS STOCK.

③ IN 1835 WHEN TEXAS PROCLAIMED ITS INDEPENDENCE FROM MEXICO, SAM HOUSTON APPOINTED THE TEXAS RANGERS TO PATROL THE REPUBLIC'S FRONTIER AGAINST THE COMANCHE AND MEXICAN RANCHERO WHO WAS TRYING TO WIN BACK HIS LAND.



④ THESE HARDY, HARD RIDING SOLDIERS OF LAW AND ORDER HAD NO EQUAL AS HORSE MEN AND LAW MEN. THEIR DEEDS OF BRAVERY CAN NOT BE MATCHED BY ANY FIGHTING FORCE OF ITS SIZE



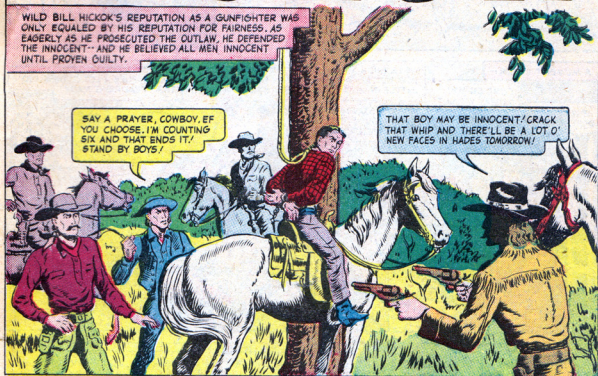
⑤ THE RANGERS WERE NOT TRAINED LIKE SOLDIERS, YOU COULD RECOGNIZE THESE MEN BY TWO THINGS, THEIR BROAD BRIMMED WHITE STETSON AND THEIR LIGHTNING DRAW OF SIX-SHOOTERS WHENEVER THE TIME AROSE TO USE THEM.

⑥ DURING THE SPANISH-AMERICAN WAR, TEDDY ROOSEVELT RECRUITED HIS FAMOUS 'ROUGH RIDERS' FROM THE RANKS OF THE TEXAS RANGERS.

THE ACTION PACKED STORY OF

WILD BILL HICKOK

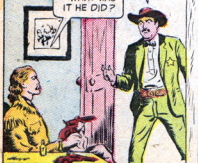
WILD BILL HICKOK'S REPUTATION AS A GUNFIGHTER WAS ONLY EQUALED BY HIS REPUTATION FOR FAIRNESS. AS EAGERLY AS HE PROSECUTED THE OUTLAW, HE DEFENDED THE INNOCENT-- AND HE BELIEVED ALL MEN INNOCENT UNTIL PROVEN GUILTY.



BILL WAS VISITING IN A SMALL TOWN NEAR DENVER---

QUICK, BILL! I NEED YOUR HELP. THEY'VE TAKEN A PRISONER FROM THE JAIL FOR LYNCHING!

WHAT WAS IT HE DID?



HIS BRAND, BAR 48, IS LIKE THE BAR 5'S. THEY CLAIM HE'S BEEN RE-BRANDING THEIR CATTLE!

WELL, HAS HE?

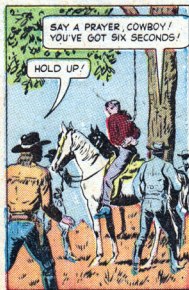
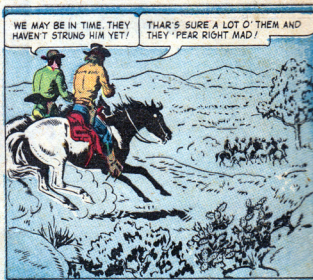
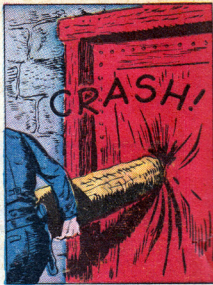
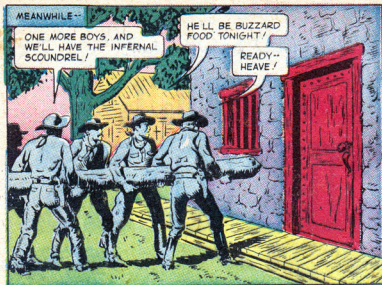


HIS TRIAL WAS TO BE TOMORROW.

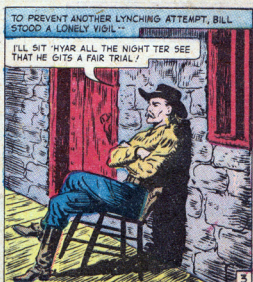
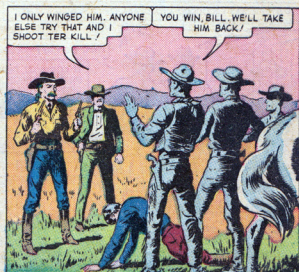
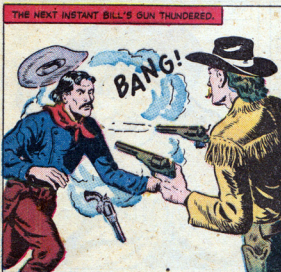
I'M READY. LET'S GO!



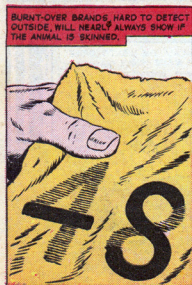
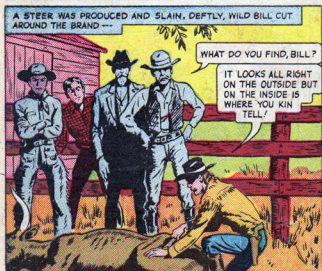
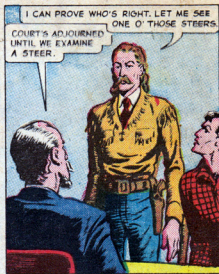
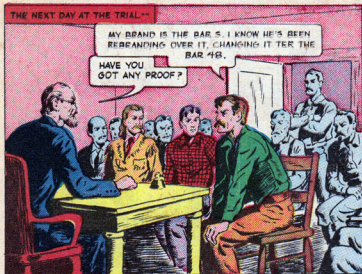
COWBOY WESTERN COMICS



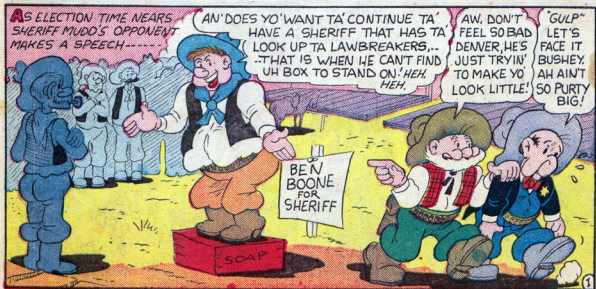
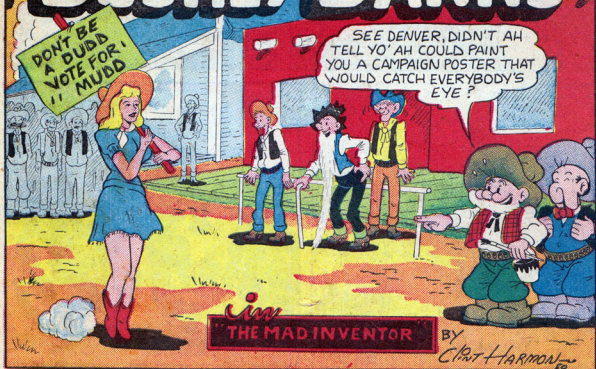
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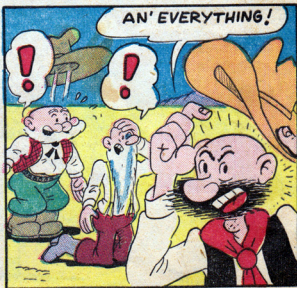
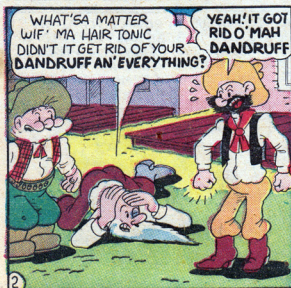
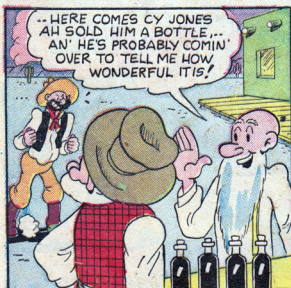
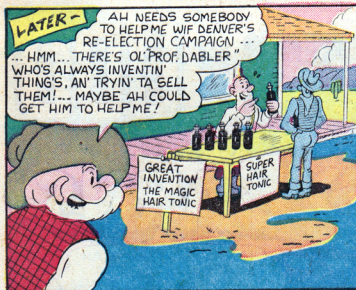


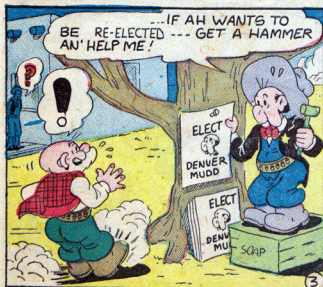
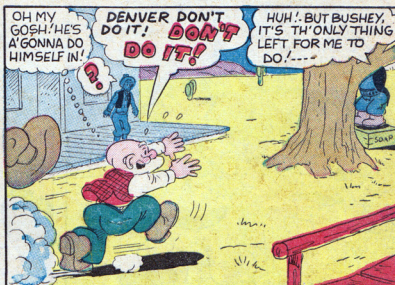
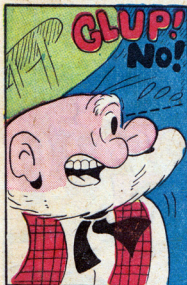
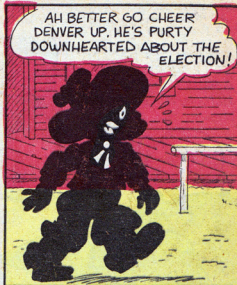
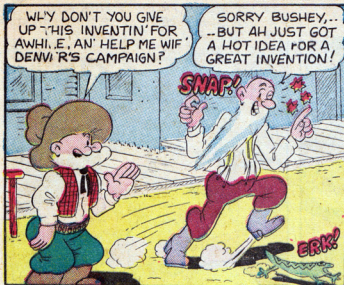
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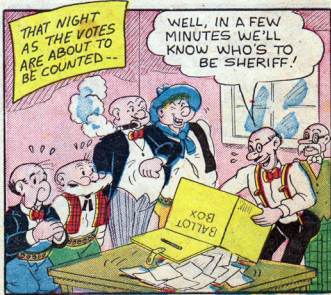
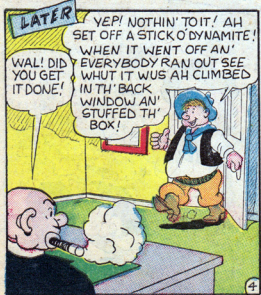
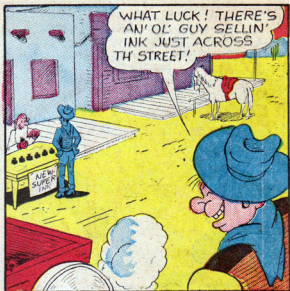
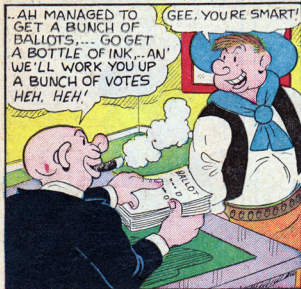


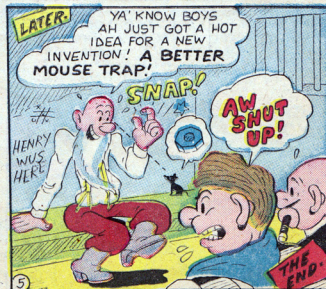
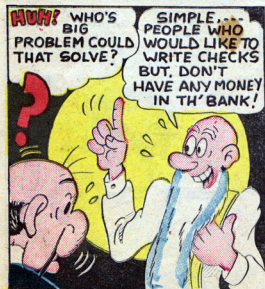
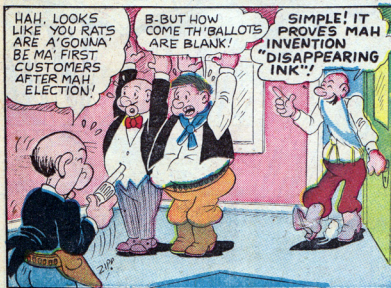
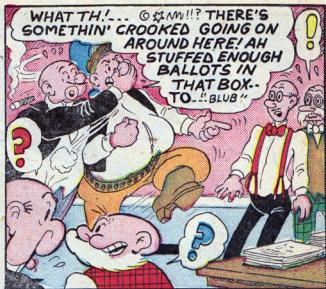
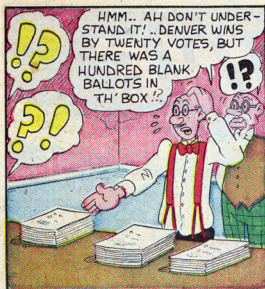
DENVER MUDD AND BUSHEY BARNES











ROD KLINE

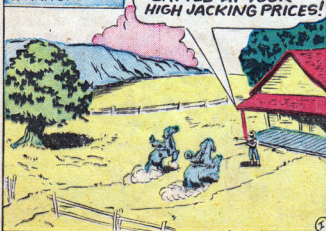
UNITED STATES MARSHAL



ON THE DAYS OF THE UNSETTLED WEST, TOWNS WERE FAR APART, THERE WAS NOT MUCH LAW ENFORCEMENT..... IT WAS IN THIS AREA THAT GOV'T. MARSHAL "ROD KLINE" WAS SENT.....
BY CLYDE HARMON

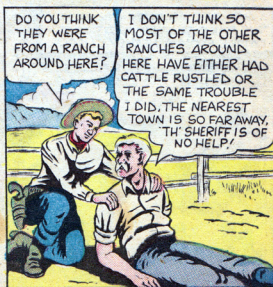
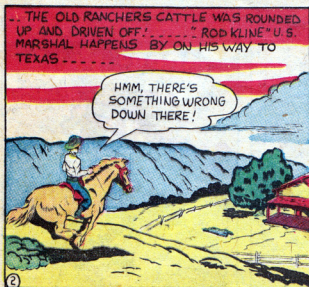
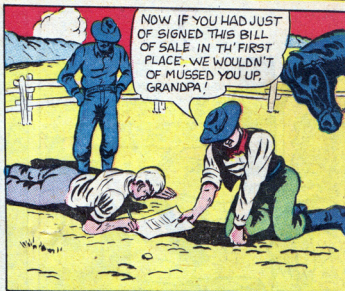
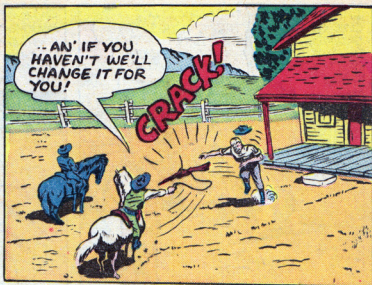
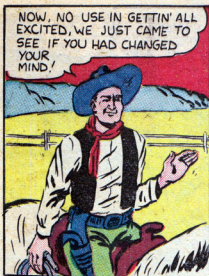
AT A RANCH IN WHAT WAS THEN CALLED INDIAN TERRITORY....

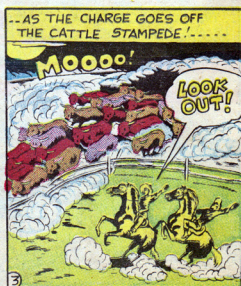
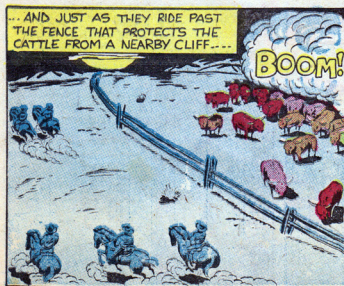
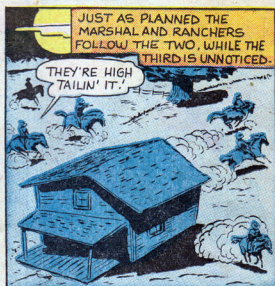
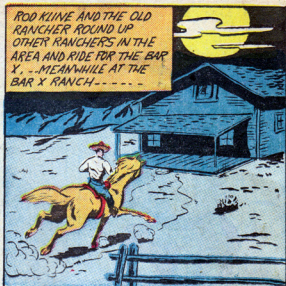
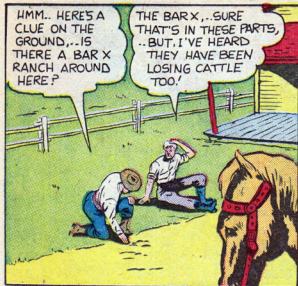
I TOLD YOU COYOTES, TH' LAST TIME I AIN'T SELLIN' MY CATTLE AT YOUR HIGH JACKING PRICES!

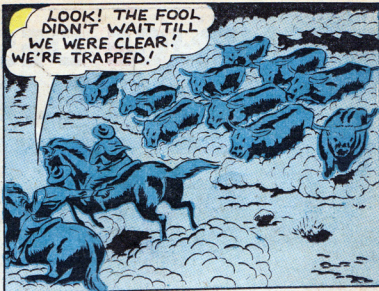


I AIM TO DRIVE MY CATTLE TO MARKET MYSELF! NOW GET OFF MY LAND, BEFORE I HAVE TO USE THIS ON YOU!









ROD KLINE AND THE RANCHER'S MANAGED TO SAVE THE LARGER PART OF THE HERD FROM GOING OVER THE CLIFF!... AND CAPTURED THE REMAINING RUSTLER -----



...YOU REMEMBER THE GROUND IN YOUR RANCH YARD WAS DAMP FROM A RECENT RAIN, WELL, IN THE DAMP CLAY I NOTICED THE IMPRINT OF A SIGNET RING WHICH WAS MADE BY THIS RING WHEN HE KNEELED DOWN FOR YOU TO SIGN THE PAPER!



REVENGE DESTROYS ITSELF!

The man riding the beautiful white Arabian stallion could have been hardly more than twenty-five at the most. He wore a rough shirt of brown homespun and his chaps were hand-tooled. He carried a cartridge belt that was only half full as though he expected no trouble but his ivory-handled six-shooter was within a second's reach of his right hand. A broad brimmed hat covered his completely grey hair. Once it had been dark black but that never to be forgotten day of the famous "Sante Fe Massacre" changed the color of his hair over night.

As Frank Riemer rode into Dawson City citizens of all ages and either sex greeted him cordially. It wasn't often that they had an opportunity to see a famous hero in the flesh. He returned all their greetings with his customary salute, a nod of the head. In front of the town's only three-story wooden frame hotel, he dismounted and tied the reins to a hitching post. Then he walked inside the hotel.

The clerk immediately pulled himself out of a half-sleeping position and greeted the famous visitor. "Good day, Mr. Riemer. They are expecting you in room 27 on the second floor." But Riemer wanted more information before he began to climb the stairs. "How many people and just who wants to see me?"

A hotel clerk was made to see everything and never forget a detail. And James Coffin was no exception to the breed. "Big fat middle-aged man in room 27 by name of Bruce Hall has been waiting for you. But I know the two men in room 26 and the one in room 28 are also with Mr. Hall even though they try to make out they don't know each other."

Frank Riemer knocked on door 27 and a deep voice bellowed, "Come on in. Door's open." Riemer entered and found Bruce Hall seated alone. "Forgive me, if I don't arise to welcome you," was the apology. "My legs are a bit weak and apt to give out on me."

Riemer took a wallet from his pocket and extracted the halves of ten bills, each a hundred-dollar one. "I received these in the mail last week. Told me if I wanted to collect the other halves to come here. No obligations expected.

I can use that money. Where is it?" In reply to the question Hall handed him the other halves of the bills. There was a slight smile playing on his lips as he watched the cowboy take the money and place it in his wallet.

"No obligations and I mean exactly that. I've read about you and wondered if you could tell me how you came to be the hero of the Sante Fe Massacre?" Riemer didn't for a minute doubt that his host had another object in speaking to him but for a thousand dollars he could oblige with an oft-repeated story.

"Mr. William Hodges, his wife, sister and young daughter were in that wagon train. Hodges had organized a group of traders and they were headed this way to take up a land grant he owned. I was headed for the border with my partner Jeff Davis. When we came to the creek Chief White Feather and his tribe went for us. They would have wiped us out to the last man except for one factor nobody had taken into consideration. My partner and I were supposed to be carrying buffalo robes in our wagon. But we really had a shipment of those new repeating rifles and plenty of bullets to fit them. We killed the Chief and many of his braves though most of our party were also wiped out. Only Hodges' sister, daughter, myself and five traders were left. Hodges' daughter has been a cripple all these years as a result of the bullets in her legs. The investigation by General Reilly only revealed that a white man paid Chief White Feather to make the attack. The Chief's son, Little Hand has sworn he would kill that man if he ever found him."

"If you will let me hold your six-shooter, I'll tell you who made the attack and why," said Bruce Hall. Riemer's face didn't move a muscle. "No need for that," he shot back. "Your boys in the two adjoining rooms have me covered. You've got something you want to tell me and want me to do so get it off your chest."

For a moment Hall's face showed complete surprise and then he became cool again. "I never figured you to be a fool and this convinces me you have a head on your shoulders.

COWBOY WESTERN COMICS

Hodges had a half brother, Jonathan. When their father died he left the land grant to William. On William's death it was to go to his daughter. If she died before her twenty first birthday it would revert to the half brother. Otherwise it went to an orphanage in St. Louis. Hodges' half brother paid Chief White Feather to make that attack. It failed in its objective. The girl is still alive and becomes twenty-one next month."

Riemer looked at the man straight in the face. "Suppose you get right to the point, Mr. Jonathan Hodges. Do you want to kill Lucy Hodges yourself or am I to do the dirty work. And how much am I to get for this blood job."

Jonathan Hodges arose on his unsteady feet. "This is more than I bargained for," he complimented. "You understand my position perfectly. The day after tomorrow you get Lucy to ride out into the Canyon and that will be all. Here are a thousand dollars more for your trouble. But if you think you can double cross me, just remember you couldn't prove a word I have told you in a court of law, especially with my witnesses next door."

Riemer stopped into the post office which was next to the hotel. "Did that letter come for me, pop?" he asked in a friendly tone. A stooped shouldered old man handed him the letter. Riemer opened it and read the contents and was about to stuff it into his back pocket when the postmaster spoke. "Would you mind givin' me that Swiss stamp? My grandson saves 'em. Mighty few chances out here to get foreign stamps." Riemer handed him the envelope instead after taking out the letter.

Back at the Bar H ranch, Riemer dismounted and watched his two armed guards greet him. It was Hannah Hodges' wish that this precaution be taken to protect her niece. Riemer walked over to the special porch where Lucy sat facing the sun. Her face was thin and her corn colored hair hung down her shoulders in two long braids. "Any news?" she asked.

"The best in the world," was the reply. "Got a letter from Switzerland. Dr. Hans Kiepper will be in St. Louis by next month and ready to operate on your legs. From the data he has received from the doctors who examined you, he feels the operation will be a complete success. And we don't have to worry about borrowing the money at the bank, though Hiram Johnson said he would lend it to me. A man who wants to do evil gave me the money. There's something to be done in return and I'll explain to you your part."

It was midnight when an Indian mounted on

a cream spotted pony arrived at the Bar H ranch. The son of Chief White Feather looked like his deceased father. "I came when your message arrived as fast as my pony would carry me. The spirit of my father is going to be avenged. Tell me what to do."

The sun was high in the sky as Riemer lifted Lucy from her chair and placed her on a horse. "If things go wrong we both may regret this," he warned her. "But you'll never be safe until we get Jonathan and the men with him. Jonathan I know by sight. I'm playing my hunch that the men will be with Jonathan when he tries to shoot you."

Jack Slade had his rifle resting on the rock as he looked at his boss' face. "There she comes and all alone, Jonathan. That guy didn't double cross you. He sent her out to die. He's more of a scoundrel than any of us." Slade lifted the rifle slightly and the sun gleamed on the barrel betraying his position. A minute later a shot rang out and Slade slumped to the ground. "He double-crossed us," yelled Jonathan to his two men as the hill became alive with Indians firing at him. The three returned the fire. Then there were two and finally Jonathan slumped down with a bullet in his chest.

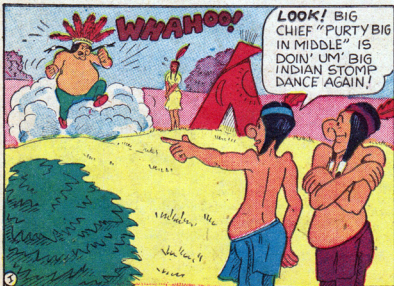
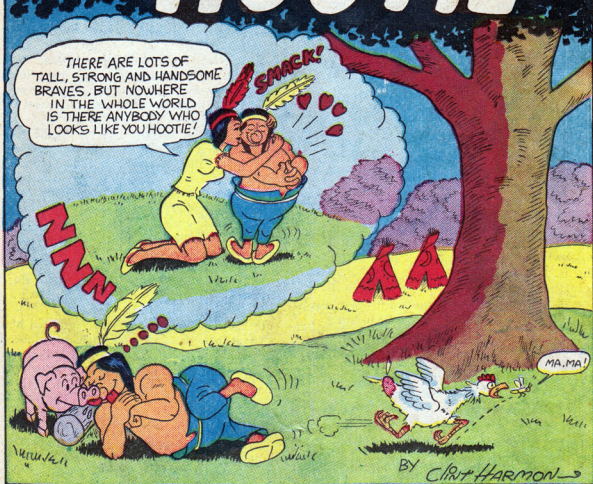
He knew he was dying as they propped him up in a chair on the porch. Jonathan looked at Riemer and then at Lucy. "Guess I was a fool," he admitted. "But the stakes were high and I lost. There's silver in the hill. An old mine once worked by the Spanish. The vein is underneath the place they call Three Rocks." Then turning to Riemer, he added in a sort of bitter tone, "You didn't have to get them to kill me."

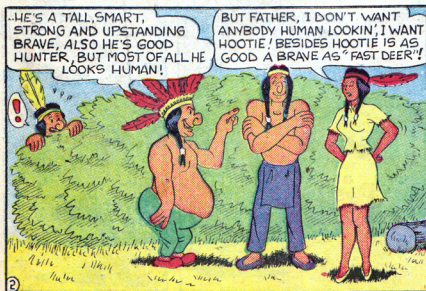
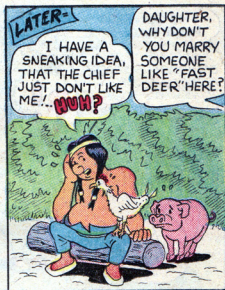
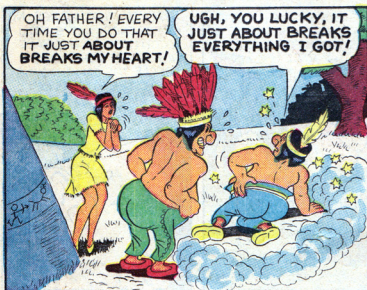
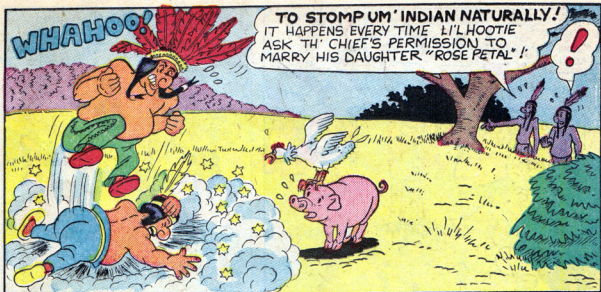
Riemer nodded his head in the negative. "The son of Chief White Feather is head of the Indian Police! With special permission they came here to protect Lucy. After they shot your first man they asked you to surrender. You fired back and sealed your doom. But there's something more you should know. The land grant your half brother received was void. Little Hand in order to atone for his father's crime gave me a valid grant to the land. You see, I owned the land and you could never get it."

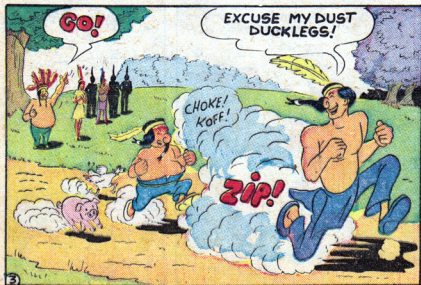
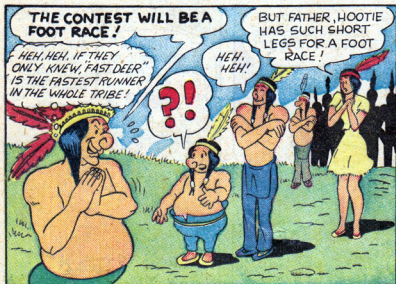
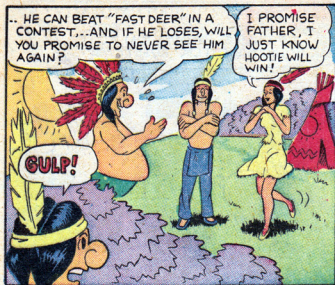
The events had been terrifying in their sequence to Lucy. And without realizing what she was doing, she rose from her chair and walked over to the dying man to say, "I think you should know that Frank and I have been married secretly for the past two years." And it was only when Jonathan closed his eyes that Lucy realized she was standing.

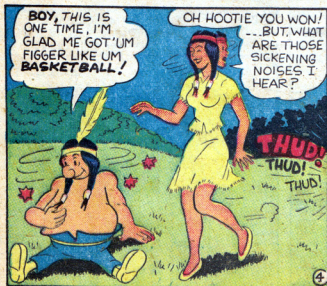
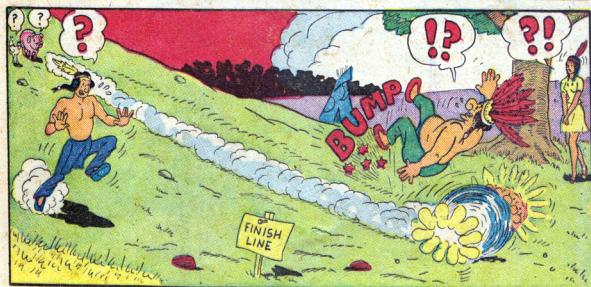
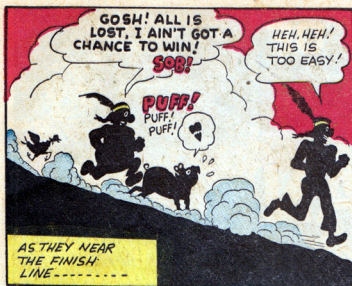
— Harold Gluck

Lil' Hootie









LEGENDS OF

PAUL
BUNYAN

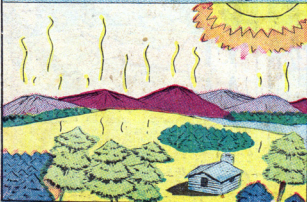
GEE GRANDPA,
IT'S RAINING AGAIN,
.. IT'S NEVER HOT
AN' DRY HERE LIKE
IT IS IN THE
SUMMERTIME OUT
WEST!

YER' RIGHT SON,
BUT, IT WASN'T
ALWAYS LIKE THIS,
NOSIREE!



BY CLINT HARMON

ONE SUMMER IN THE NORTH WOODS IT
DIDN'T RAIN FOR TWO WHOLE MONTHS.
THIS WERE TH' LONGEST DRY SPELL TH'
NORTH WOODS HAD EVER SAW... IT WAS
A GETTIN' SO DRY THAT THERE WAS
GREAT DANGER OF A FOREST FIRE.....



BUT THAT WEREN'T THE ONLY
WORRY AMONG THE LOGGERS OF TH'
LUMBERCAMPS, NOSIREE!-----

OUR BIG SUPPLIES OF
MEAT AND OTHER FOODS
ARE SURE TO SPOIL IF
IT DON'T COOL OFF
SOON!

HMM....
I HAD
BETTER GO
AN' REPORT
THIS TO PAUL
BUNYAN!



PAUL BUNYAN WAS TOLD OF THE LOGGERS SERIOUS PROBLEM.....

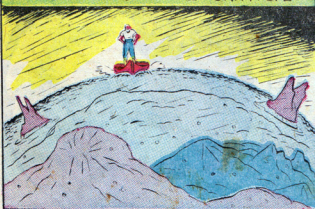


OL' PAUL WASN'T LONG IN THINKIN' OF AN' IDEA, AN' HE LAUNCHED HIS GIANT LOGGIN' BARGE IN THE OCEAN---

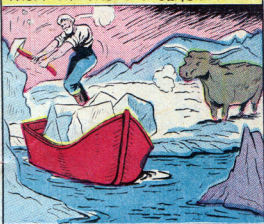
FULL SPEED AHEAD BABE!



PAUL'S GIANT BLUE OX "BABE" SWAM BEHIND PUSHING THE BIG BOAT AT A SPEED TWENTY TIMES AS FAST AS THE LINER "QUEEN MARY" CAN GO TODAY,.... IT WASN'T LONG TILL OL' PAUL ARRIVED AT THE NORTH POLE----

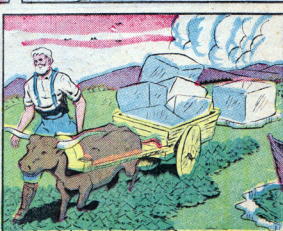
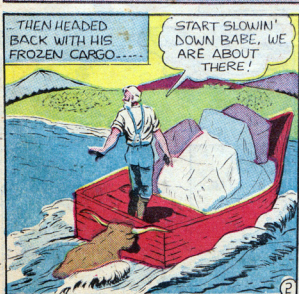


HE WASTED NO TIME IN FILLING HIS BIG BOAT WITH ENORMOUS HUNKS OF ICE WHICH HE HACKED FROM THE FROZEN GLACIER----



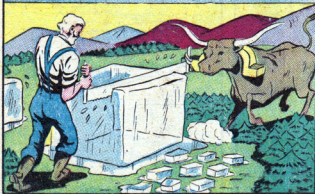
...THEN HEADED BACK WITH HIS FROZEN CARGO-----

START SLOWIN' DOWN BABE, WE ARE ABOUT THERE!

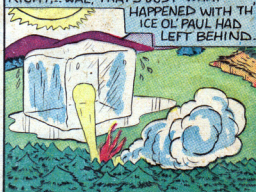


PAUL LOADED THE ICE IN HIS HUGE OX CART AN' HEADED FOR THE LUMBERCAMPS, BUT HE HAD TO LEAVE ONE HUNK OF ICE BECAUSE HIS CART WAS FULL!

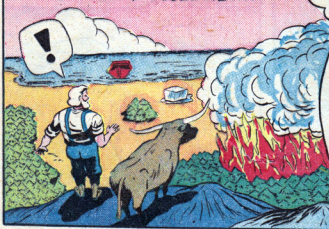
...THEN PAUL WITH BABE'S HELP SAWED THE ICE INTO SMALL CHUNKS AN' DELIVERED THEM TO ALL THE LUMBERCAMPS. TH' LOGGERS MEANWHILE HAD BUILT BIG LOCKERS TO KEEP THEIR ICE AN' FOOD IN. YESSIR! THAT'S HOW TH' VERY FIRST ICEBOX CAME TO BE.



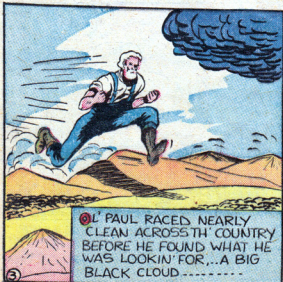
...AN' SON, YOU KNOW A FIRE CAN BE STARTED WITH A MAGNIFYING GLASS. ...WAL, THE SAME THING CAN HAPPEN WITH A JUG O' WATER OR HUNK OF ICE. ...IF TH' SUN'S RAYS STRIKE IT JUST RIGHT... WAL, THAT'S JUST WHAT HAPPENED WITH TH' ICE OL' PAUL HAD LEFT BEHIND.



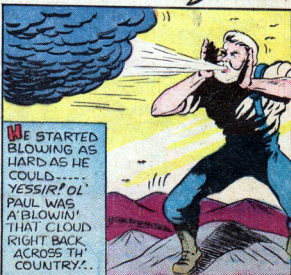
WHEN PAUL CAME BACK FOR THAT HUNK O' ICE, HE WAS SURPRISED TO FIND A BIG FOREST FIRE SPREADING FAST THROUGH THE DRY WOODLAND.



THAT BLAMED FIRE HAS SUCH A BIG START IF IT ISN'T CHECKED RIGHT AWAY IT WILL SPREAD OVER THE WHOLE NORTH WOODS, .. THERE IS ONLY ONE HOPE!

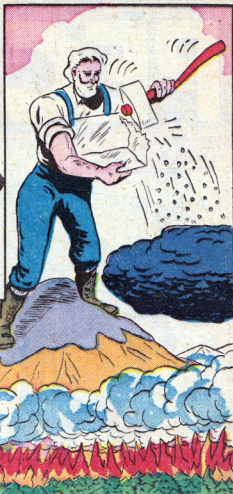
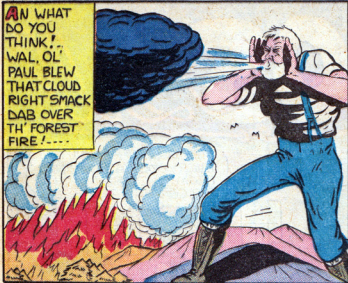


OL' PAUL RACED NEARLY CLEAN ACROSS TH' COUNTRY BEFORE HE FOUND WHAT HE WAS LOOKIN' FOR... A BIG BLACK CLOUD.



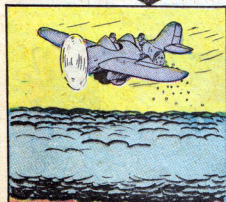
WE STARTED BLOWING AS HARD AS HE COULD. YESSIR! OL' PAUL WAS A BLOWIN' THAT CLOUD RIGHT BACK ACROSS TH' COUNTRY!..

AN WHAT DO YOU THINK! WAL, OL' PAUL BLEW THAT CLOUD RIGHT SMACK DAB OVER TH' FOREST FIRE!----



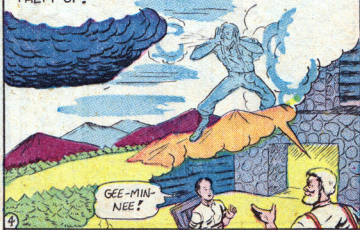
WHICH RESULTED IN A BIG DOWN POUR FROM THE CLOUD,... SO, A'FORE LONG THE FIRE WAS OUT, AN' THE NORTH WOODS HAD BEEN SAVED,... TH' SAME PIECE OF ICE THAT CAUSED THE FIRE HELP PUT IT OUT!

PAUL THEN TOOK THE HUNK O' ICE AN' FROM STANDIN' A' TOP A NEARBY MOUNTAIN HE CHIPPED IT DOWN ON THE CLOUD BELOW!---- THIS CAUSED TH' MOISTURE IN TH' CLOUD TO CONDENSE!



... AN' SON, EVEN TODAY PEOPLE USE OL' PAUL'S IDEA FOR RAIN MAKING--- ONLY THEY DROP DRY ICE FROM AIRPLANES DOWN ON THE CLOUDS--

--- AN' SOME FOLKS SAY THAT'S WHY WE NEVER HAVE LONG DRY SPELLS IN THE NORTH WOODS,... OL' PAUL IS AROUND TO BREAK THEM UP!



GEE-MIN-NEE!

"GORIL'LA
MAH DREAMS"

HEY SHERIFF! WHUT'S
EVERYBODY A'RUNNIN'
FROM THET 'GUY IN TH'
FUR COAT FER?

EEK

ERK!

BY CLINT HARMON

CACTUS
CITY'S BANKER
O.U. CASH
ALWAYS ARRIVES
AT THE BANK
EARLY EVERY
MORNING TO GET
READY FOR THE
DAY'S BUSINESS.

DON'T TRUST
A OLD SOCK
LIKE A COOT!
LET US KEEP
YOUR LOOT!

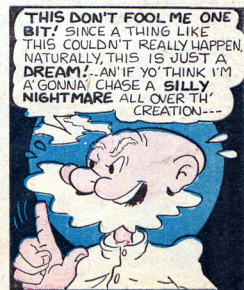
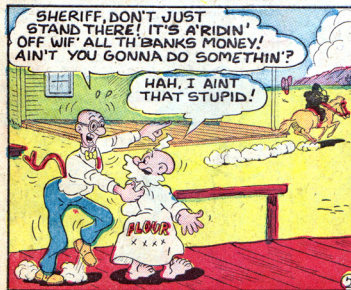
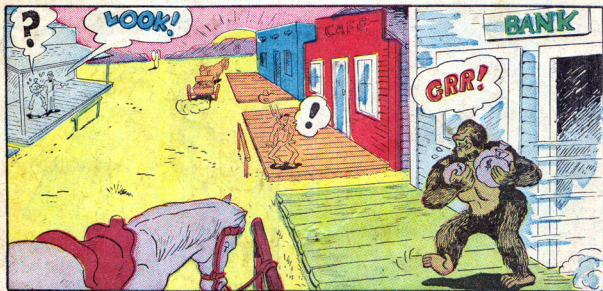
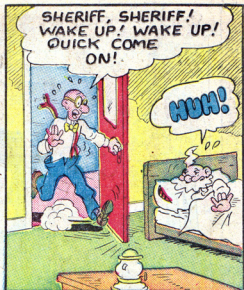
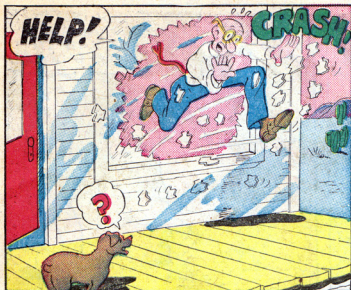
OH, OH, I FORGOT
TO LOCK THE DOOR
TILL OPENING TIME!
AN' SOMEBODY'S COMIN'
IN!

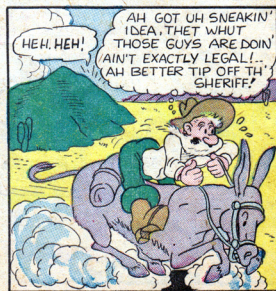
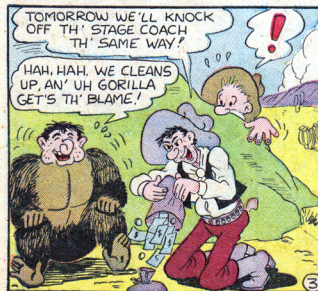
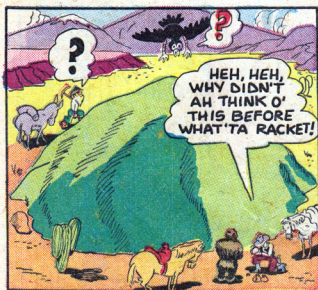
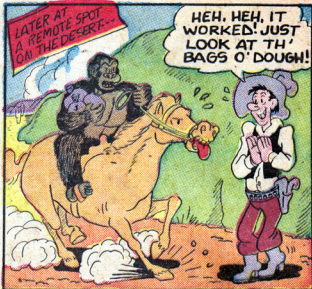
SLAM!

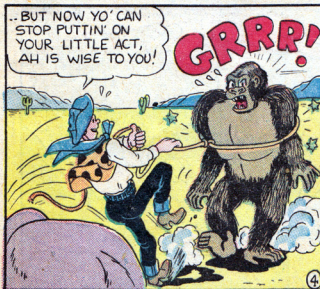
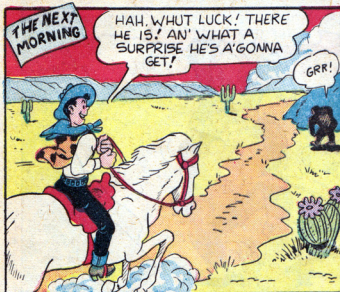
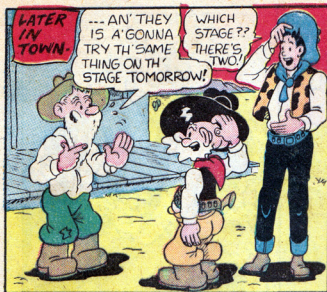
NOTICE
BANK
ROBBERS
NEXT
WINDOW

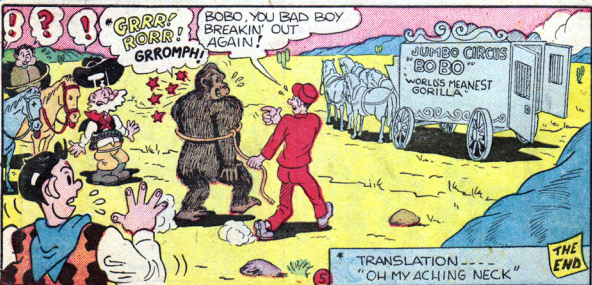
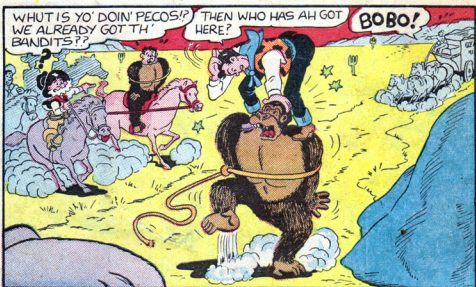
I'M SORRY SIR! WE'RE
NOT OPEN FOR BUSINESS
YET. YI-YI-YI-YI-YI-

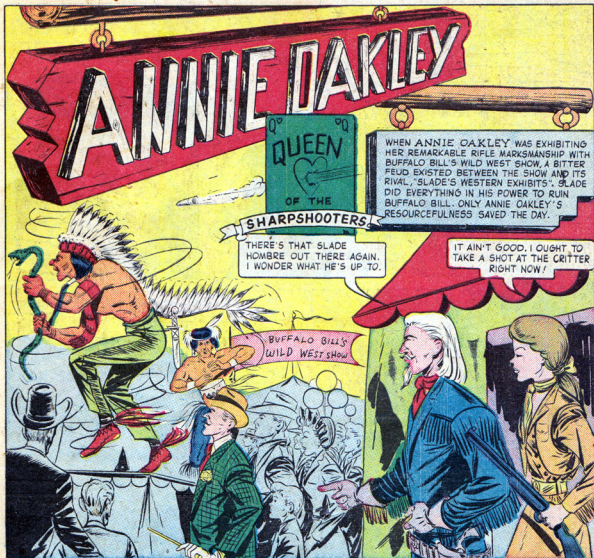












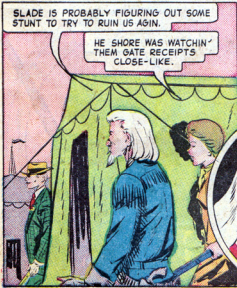
QUEEN
OF THE
SHARPSHOOTERS

WHEN ANNIE OAKLEY WAS EXHIBITING HER REMARKABLE RIFLE MARKSMANSHIP WITH BUFFALO BILL'S WILD WEST SHOW, A BITTER FEUD EXISTED BETWEEN THE SHOW AND ITS RIVAL, 'SLADE'S WESTERN EXHIBITS'. SLADE DID EVERYTHING IN HIS POWER TO RUIN BUFFALO BILL. ONLY ANNIE OAKLEY'S RESOURCEFULNESS SAVED THE DAY.

THERE'S THAT SLADE HOMBRE OUT THERE AGAIN. I WONDER WHAT HE'S UP TO.

IT AIN'T GOOD. I OUGHT TO TAKE A SHOT AT THE CRITTER RIGHT NOW!

BUFFALO BILL'S WILD WEST SHOW



SLADE IS PROBABLY FIGURING OUT SOME STUNT TO TRY TO RUIN US AGIN.

HE SHORE WAS WATCHIN' THEM GATE RECEIPTS CLOSE-LIKE.

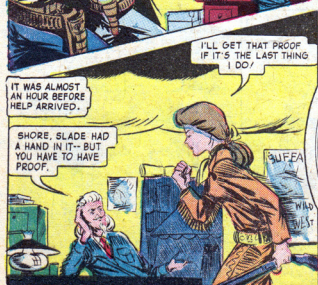
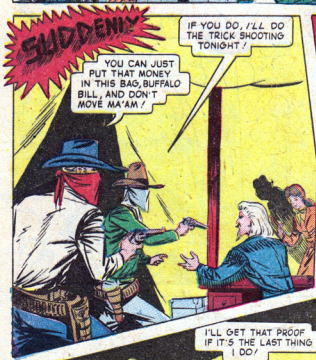
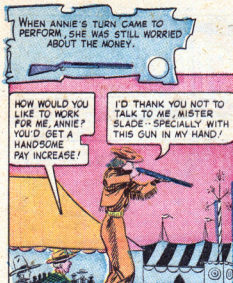
EF HE WAS TO GIT THOSE RECEIPTS, THIS SHOW WOULD BE OUT O' BUSINESS BUT HE WOULDN'T DARE TRY THAT



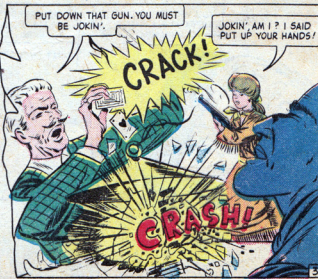
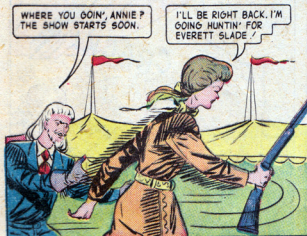
I SHORE HATE TO KEEP ALL THESE SILVER DOLLARS AROUND BUT THE INJUNS WON'T TAKE THEIR PAY IN PAPER MONEY. I WISH IT WERE IN THE BANK.

JUST LET SOMEBODY TRY TO STEAL IT--AND I WON'T BE SHOOTIN' AT CLAY TARGETS!

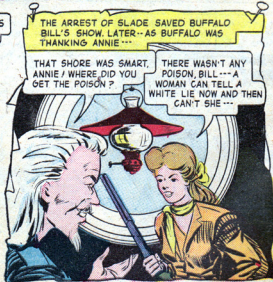
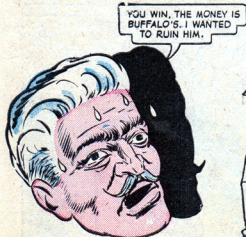
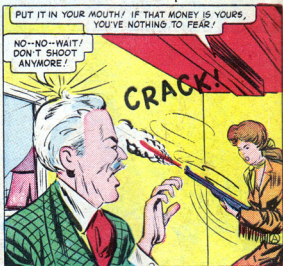
YOU'RE ON, ANNIE!



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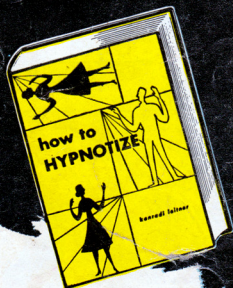
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